

Ash, Blood, & Rain (IT) by thegrimreapergirl

Category: IT

Genre: Horror

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-11-13 13:59:35

Updated: 2019-11-13 13:59:35

Packaged: 2019-12-12 05:38:09

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,029

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What happens when the Losers club took IT's offer to live until old age and leave Bill behind in the claws of IT itself.

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Chapter I

Bill pondered to himself over and over again how he even got back home, lying down in his bed listening to the night play its music into the vast dark night sky. Mere hours ago he was in the clutches of IT deep down in the depths of Derry's sewers where IT called home, watching as each member of the Losers club watching his dear friends leave one by one. The Losers decided to take on IT's deal, to live happy lives until old age took them back to the weeds and to leave Bill behind. One by one each with tears in their eyes and some with tears starting to stain down their cheeks said good bye to Bill as best as they could and slowly made their way out of IT's lair, the last to leave was Beverly holding back the most tears she said in a tearful choke her goodbye.

Right as she started to walk away Beverly stopped dead in her tracks to look over her shoulder one last time at Bill still in the grasps of IT, frozen with tears starting to slip down her rosy cheeks unable to move or look away from her dear friend. Ben and Richie had to come back to get her and escort her out of the sewers, each taking hold of her hands and start walking her out all the while Bill holding back his own tears watched in complete silence as each one of his friends left and disappeared out of sight. All was silent as the rest of the Losers club left, the only sounds now were the light dripping of water in the distant and the combined breathing from both Bill and IT.

"It's just you and me now Billy Boy" IT said with a sinister grin plastered on his face, suddenly still holding tight to Bill stood up to his full height started striding toward the circus wagon in the center of the vast mountain of toys and clothes piled high, all being the lost items from all the missing children taken over the hundreds of years. What made the scene even more gruesome was floating atop near the vast pile of lost items were the bodies of the missing children. Chucking Bill over his left shoulder IT kicked the stage door of the wagon open with a hard force, before Bill could blink pure darkness took hold of his vision and everything else around him. Before thinking of plan to escape a pure yellowish orange light penetrated

out of the darkness and into Bill's sight. He couldn't comprehend what was going until it was far too late. 'I-I have to look away, I can't look into the lights' Bill thought as he tried with all his might to look away, but a unknown force an invisible hand of sorts kept his gaze straight on the Dead lights coming deep from within IT's mouth. He started to feel and think of nothing as he gazed into the deadly yet abnormally beautiful lights. He soon started to feel he was floating into the vast unknown, what was awaiting him he didn't know, he couldn't do anything other than slowly slip in the deadly embrace of the dead lights.

Before he's conciseness fell into complete darkness IT suddenly dropped him, hitting the hard ground Bill regained his sight and mind 'I-I think I got a c-concussion or something' Bill thought as he moved onto his left side with a full view of IT and the now wide-open stage door. Looking up he saw IT agitated and looking like he was about to rip anything apart before Bill could blink IT released a monstrous growl before charging to battle an unknown opponent who dare to enter IT's home. Bill couldn't see any of the battle going on before him from where he laid on the wooden floor of the wagon, soon he saw blood spattering everywhere, growls and howls echoing off the sewer walls as the two fighters continued to try and kill one another. Bill caught a glimpse of his savior as it was thrown across the room letting out a yelp of pain as it smashed into the wall, but quickly it got up and charged right back toward IT again. Bill started to lose conciseness again sometime during the bloodshed right in front of him, before his sight completely went black he saw IT covered in open wounds on the left side of his face, flesh and cloth hanging off one of its arms and legs, bite marks, and scars scratched across multiple areas all over his body, a thin line of blood was coming out a corner of IT's mouth, mumbling something under IT's breath Bill couldn't pick up IT quickly dashed out of sight escaping deeper into the sewers.

Bill rolled himself on his back feeling a pool of warm blood slowly forming around him, slowly he started to closed his eyes, before suddenly seeing a silhouette in his weak burly vision hovering over him. His hero looked down at him with concern in its eyes from what Bill could remember at a certain point his memory now were bits and pieces, he remembers being dragged out of the sewer on top of a

warm fluffy body slowly making their way toward an exit. It knew where to go because before long Bill spotted rays of light coming into his weakened vision. His last bit of memory was laying down near the river slightly close to Derry's sewer entrance located in the Barrens. He looked up at the bright beautiful blue sky, thinking to himself he was actually alive and out of IT's lair, soon he heard what sounded like people coming closer to him and a dog barking. His couldn't keep his eyes open anymore, he slowly started to close them as the voices became loader and closer. 'It's such a beautiful day to die', Bill happily thought as he drifted slowly into unconsciousness.